

THE LAND OF THE CHRISTLESS CROSS



By

Louise Seter

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By
Louise Jeter

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Ernestine Jeter

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Printed in U. S. A. by
THE TORCHLIGHT PRESS
Box 898
Enid, Okla.

FOREWORD

It is a pleasure to write a foreword to this interesting little book of poems.

I have known Miss Louise Jeter for a number of years and have followed with great interest her activities in the service of God, particularly the years she has spent as a missionary in Peru. Her life and ministry have won for her a host of friends, and we feel sure the message of the poetry in this book will be of interest and inspiration to its readers.

It reveals the character of the writer in a very marked manner as some of the poems raise one to heights and depths of consecration; yet a very human side is shown in the tender love and loyalty to her family and friends which is so beautifully expressed. Also one realizes, as she vividly portrays the swaying deck of an ocean vessel, the writer has a very distinct sense of humor.

NOEL PERKINS

PREFACE

The Master said: "Lift up your eyes and look up on the fields, for they are white already unto harvest." Looking southward we see the other America, The Land of the Christless Cross. For six years it has been my privilege to have a part in the Lord's work in Peru. Many of these poems have been born of the need there, and are sent forth with the prayer that God may use them to make the vision more clear, to stir souls to pray, and to encourage the spread of the glorious gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, that we may not be ashamed before Him at His appearing.

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood."

LOUISE JETER

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THE LAND OF THE CHRISTLESS CROSS

There's a land far south where the heavens rest
On the peaks of eternal snow,
And the plaintive call of the reed flute falls
From the pastures to fields below,

While the Indian huts on the cold plateau
Nestle low and are lost to sight
As the travelers scale by a zig-zag trail
The face of the barren height.

'Tis a wayside cross by a rockstrewn path
At the top of the world you'll find,
And o'er hill and dale by the winding trail
There are crosses in stone enshrined,

While on red-tiled roofs over thick, mud walls
Stand crosses, where souls yearn for God;
And then row on row, where the wind sobs low
O'er the loved ones beneath the sod.

And the cross beams point to the sin-sick souls,
With the emblem and form but lost,
Sunken low in shame, though they bear His name
In the land of the Christless cross.

So I'm going back to the cross-crowned hills,
To the ruts through the desert sand,
To the rough, old streets where the hot sun beats
On a parched and thirsty land,

To where Hunger stalks through the dismal streets
When the bleak, wintry rain-mists blow,
And the days are drear because Death lurks near
With his anguish and wordless woe,

Where the false and true are so oft confused
And the gold is so mixed with dross,
There to take my stand in that sin-cursed land
And to give them the Christ of the cross.

There to tell how He conquered the powers of hell
And will lovingly banish their care,
For the cross can't save, but the One who gave
His own life as a ransom there.

And if we should fall on the battlefield
While fighting for truths sublime,
Brother, heed the cry of the souls who die
And go forth while there yet is time.

Strive to fill the gap, lift the standard high,
Counting all earthly gain as loss
That they all may see Jesus Christ in thee,
The all glorious Christ of the cross.



MY NEED

Give me the eloquence, Lord, of fire,
Of a soul consumed by the pure, white flame
Of undying love and the deep desire
To see souls saved through the Master's
Name.

Give me the tenderness, Lord, of tears,
Of a broken heart that still trusts in Thee
With sympathy's touch that will quiet the
fears
And unlock closed hearts with compassion's
key.

Give me the patience that Thou dost show:
Thy forbearance, Lord, from all harshness
freed;
Help me labor in faith and ne'er fretful
grow:
More of Thy Spirit—that is my need.



THE MINISTRY OF MUSIC

(Piano: Nearer My God to Thee)

As soft as shadows of the eve
Into my silent soul there steal
Faint strains of far-off melody,
I scarcely hear, but rather feel.

And as I listen other sounds
Grow strangely dim and far away;
With tear-dimmed eyes I seem to see
The dawning of a better day.

And nearer, nearer, nearer still
My raptured soul begins to rise,
Unmindful of the things of earth,
On wings of song to Paradise.

In sweet communion now I walk,
Apart from all the world's mad rush,
And nearer draw, and hear God's voice
In the solemn, holy hush.

(Piano: I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day
or substitute other music).

A soul in depths of sin and shame
So low he dares not lift his head
To look his brother in the face;
He sighs to think where sin has led.

No friend to care whate'er befall,
With scorning glance they pass him by;
No hope—he wishes he were dead;
And yet he cannot, dares not, die.

(Chorus hum: Just As I Am)

No hope? Ah what is that which falls

So sweetly on his list'ning ear?

"Just as I am Thou wilt receive?

Can this be true, the words I hear?

Wilt pardon, cleanse if I believe?

Just as I am thou'll take me in?

O Lord I come. Praise God 'tis true.

He saves my soul from all my sin.

Instead of darkness now there shines

Within my soul a glorious light;

Forevermore I'll sing His praise

Because I'm saved by songs in the night"

(Piano: Rock of Ages)

Thou woman, overwhelmed with grief,

With none to care and none to see,

There is a refuge thou canst find,

The Man of Sorrows died for thee.

There is a refuge from all storm,

From howling winds and dashing waves,

A sacred place of hallowed rest

And trust in Him Who always saves.

(Chorus hum: Rock of Ages)

Lift up thy head and hear the song

That soothes the soul and dries each tear

Though crushed with sorrow there is hope

The Rock of Ages still is near.

A peace has come, the storm has ceased,

New hope springs up within the breast.

For through a song a soul has found

Sweet comfort, peace and hope and rest.

(Piano: Glory to His Name).

The murm'ring brook, the sighing breeze

The cricket's chirp, and that from

songbird's throat

All blend in praise to Him who made

All music and composed each note.

The thunder's peal, the tempest's roar,

The dash of waves and falling trees,

A mighty orchestra peal forth

His majesty who made the seas.

(Piano: O Come All Ye Faithful)

Angelic hosts take up the strain,

Both heav'n and earth and all their

throng,

Until the universe resounds

And all is one majestic song,

(Chorus: Come All Ye Faithful)

CEASELESS BILLOWS

Seething, surging, restless, endless
Rise the waves upon the ocean;
Climbing always, ever falling;
Seeking still a higher level,
Falling back to rest from labor.
Not content, again they struggle,
Vainly struggle 'gainst the forces.
In the wind they writhe in anguish,
Toss in madness, fall exhausted;
Rise again and dash in fury
'Gainst the ship that dares disturb them,
Dares divide their dark recesses,
Vent their wrath and break against it;
Seeing then their toil is futile
Sink once more with wearied murmur.
Still they fail to find contentment,
Filled with terror in the darkness
High they leap in seeking freedom.
Helpless, though, they writhe in turmoil
Through the night and into dawning
Till the light has turned to darkness
And the night again to morning.
Days and months and years pass o'er them;
Ships sail on and rest forever;
Time no more has meaning for them;
Still they struggle with the forces:
Seething, surging, restless, endless
Rise the waves upon the ocean.

Once my heart like ocean billows
Tossed in madness, never resting,
Seeking vainly for contentment,
Lashed by storms and tempest ridden.
Wearied by the endless struggle
Cried my anguished soul to heaven,
Cried to God to still the tempest.
Then He came, like calm of sunset,
Came and sweetly, softly whispered;
"Peace, be still," and at the whisper
All the waves in peace subsided.
Peace and calm stole o'er my spirit
With their tender touch of healing.
From the new-found rest I lifted
Then my voice in song unto Him
Who had brought the rest I cried for,
Who had whispered: "Peace, be still."

LOST

From dying millions o'er the sea
There comes a sobbing wail to me:
"Is there no way to set us free?
We're lost! we're lost! we're lost!

"We pray in vain to sun and sky,
To rivers rushing madly by:
In vain we seek—in sin we die:
We're lost! we're lost! we're lost!

"Our land is steeped in sin and shame.
Bring us your Savior, tell His name:
Where'er we turn, 'tis just the same:
We're lost! we're lost! we're lost!

That there's a God and life we know,
For something in us tell us so,
But how to find Him here below?
We're lost! we're lost! we're lost!"



THE HERMIT'S SONG

Under the gleam of a million stars
Away from the haunts of man
A breath of a breeze mid the rustling leaves
I know neither creed nor clan.

Away from the smothering cities' smoke
I dwell in the wilds alone
The stifling heat of the roaring street
A thing that is quite unknown.

Away from the gold maddened rush of men
And vain, worthless toys they seek
From the sad road of sin that they travel in
With souls that are sick and weak.

Alone in the wilderness let me stay
As fresh as the winds that blow
And keep my soul white as the snow clad height
For this is the way I know.



ANSWER TO HERMIT'S SONG

I'm sure 'twould be good could I dwell alone
With God in the desert wild;
There's more to do than to just keep true
For duty awaits God's child.

So down to the prisons of sin and shame
In paths many scorn to tread
I go to the lost counting not the cost
To bring precious life to the dead.

Bowed down with their grief souls are dying now
Sin-shackled in every land.
With burdens to bear, that some one should share
And lend them a helping hand.

Then what of the blows that they give me still
When I've done for them all I can;
Or the swift bitter tears, of the toilsome years?
Each one is my brother man.

The hermit may dwell in the mountain height
Be free from the heavy load.
The best thing, I know, is God's work below
I'll rest at the end of the road.

If through the years each foll'wing day can find you
More consecrated than you were before;
If you can leave the things of self behind you,
And pray, and love, and serve the Savior more;
If in the cross you keep your own self hidden
And through your life let that of Jesus shine;
If you count best the thing that He has bidden
And say, submissive, "Not my will, but Thine."

If you can bear the cross that He has given,
Nor once complain when heavy grows the load;
If you can keep ahead with eyes on Heaven,
And not strike back when others ply the goad;
If you can follow in the path He leads you,
And e'er contented be when in His will;
If you can trust and pasture where He feeds you,
And though the way seem dark, you follow still:

If you can tell of hope to the despairing
And to the friendless be a faithful friend,
If you can claim the blessing found in sharing
Your all to save one from a bitter end;
If you can lift up Christ, the Risen Savior,
In all you do and ev'ry word you say,
Regarding not the censure nor the favor
Of those who daily turn the Lord away:

If you can see the world's lost millions dying
And truly say that you have done your best
To give salvation unto those now crying
For God for, hope, for life, and love and rest;
If you have listened to His word and done it,
If you can faithful be unto the end,
Then take the victor's crown, for you have won it,
And, which is more, you'll be like Him, my friend.



THEY SAW NO MAN SAVE JESUS ONLY

No other man but Thee, O Lord,
I'd see no other face;
I'd find my joys in Thee alone—
The wonders of Thy grace.

The prophets now have passed away
No pow'r in law I see;
There's nothing there to save my soul.
My hope must be in Thee.

Thy saving grace is all complete,
Thou art the truest friend;
Thou'lt bear my sorrows, dry my tears,
And keep me to the end.

I'd see naught else but Thee alone,
Earth's treasures fade away,
But as I gaze upon Thy face
Thy love comes in to stay.

May I not seek the praise of man
Or seek for self a throne;
With all else hidden from my view
I would see Thee alone.

But as I look at Thee, O Lord,
Thy wounded hands and side—
I see through Thee the needy ones
For whom Thou, Christ, hast died.

And as I now behold Thee, Lord,
Thy love constraineth me;
My all I give to lift Thee up
That others, too may see.

THE BURDEN BEARER

I saw him today as I walked along
A rock-littered path on a hill;
A man stooping low 'neath a granite slab
That he bore to a distant mill.

Bound fast with a rope to his shoulders lay
The wearisome, crushing load
That was sapping the life of the man I saw
As he climbed up the toilsome road.

Bent double beneath the tremendous weight,
He painfully staggered on,
Till it seemed he would fall in the rock-
strewn path
With all of his strength quite gone.

Then I saw, as he stopped by the side of the
way
To rest from his burden there,
The look in his eyes: 'twas a toil-worn look,
And a look of sad despair.

What I saw in the piteous, hopeless look
In that Indian's upturned face
Was the cry of the sin-burdened, yearning
souls
Of all of his downtrod race.

Weighed down by a burden more heavy by far
And fainting by Life's long road,
They cry for the One who can set them free,
Who will lift from their souls the load.

Then give them the gospel, the only thing
That can bring peace and rest and life,
And point them to God and the land above,
To freedom from all their strife.

(This poem was written after seeing an Indian on a path out from Huaraz, Peru, carrying a millstone that weighed about 350 pounds. A load that is too heavy for the pack animals and would ruin a good mule is given to an Indian to carry. For a stimulant to enable them to carry such burdens they chew the coca leaf for the cocaine it contains, and become hopelessly enslaved to it.)



THE SEEKING SHEPHERD

Over the storm-swept mountains,
Out on the desert cold
Came the Good Shepherd to find me,
A wanderer far from the fold.

Down o'er the rocky, rough hillside,
Down o'er the mountains steep
Came He with hands torn and bleeding
To rescue His one lost sheep.

Up through the blackness of midnight
There came to His ears a faint cry
From His lost sheep in the desert
All helpless and ready to die.

Then when at last He had found me
With tend'rest of love He stooped low
And lifted me up from my sorrow:
Out of my pain and my woe.

With loving words tenderly spoken,
He sheltered me then from the cold
And safe in His strong arms He bore me
Back to the welcoming fold.

Then He sang with the angels rejoicing,
With a joy that exceeded the cost:
"Rejoice, all ye hosts of the heavens,
For I've found my one sheep that was lost."



PRAY ON

(Tune: Softly and Tenderly)

Far from the Savior and groping in darkness,
Seeking the only true way,
Sin-shackled souls are now longing for freedom
Many are dying to-day.

CHORUS:

Pray on, pray on,
Vict'ries are won in this way
Many lost souls will receive life eternal
If you'll be faithful and pray.

Fierce is the battle the tempter is waging
'Gainst those who follow the Lord,
Pray on, my brother, for prayer will uphold them
You shall not lose your reward.

Jesus has called you to give them the gospel,
What are you doing to-day?
Must souls still perish because you are failing?
Give of your means, go, and pray.

Souls are now perishing lost—lost forever;
Waken thy church, Lord, to-day;
Kindle the fire once again on the altar,
Teach us to go, give, and pray.

JUST ONE STEP

There's just one step that's now within thy view?
Take that, another He'll provide
God leads thee on His promises are true
Thy falt'ring footsteps He will guide.

Just one: 'tis true but Faith requires no more;
The way His loving eye can see;
Though dark the path He goeth on before,
Then take that step—He leadeth thee.

SOUL IN NEED

Soul crushed with sorrow
too deep e'en for tears,
Tasting the gall of
the heartbreaking years
Till from the depth of
your o'erflowing grief
Death would be welcome
to bring you relief,
Balm for your sorrow in
Him you will find
Who drank the dregs of
the cup for mankind.
He all your sorrows and
heartaches will bear
Taking away every care.

Soul with the burdens and
cares of this life,
Fighting your battles and
faint with the strife,
Struggling alone 'gainst an
o'erwhelming tide,
No one to cheer you or
stand by your side:
Someone has promised your
burdens to bear
Give you fresh courage
and banish each care;
He your Companion is
longing to be,
Take of His love and be free.

Soul, sick with sin
and the life that you live
Tired of the baubles
the world has to give
Trying her offers again
and again
Seeking contentment but
only in vain:
Happiness only in
Jesus you'll find
Leaving the sins of
the world all behind;
Drink of the water of life
flowing free
Satisfied then you will be.



THE HEIGHTS ABOVE

Down from the mountains and over the plain
Echoes the call to the highlands again
Till every heart-throb beats out the refrain:
The call of the heights above.

Down in the lowlands my heart cannot stay;
For there's a home at the end of the way,
Loved ones to meet at the close of the day
Up there on the heights above.

Leaving the smoke of the city behind,
Up through the fog-mists and shadows we climb:
Onward and upward till soon we shall find
The sun of the heights above.

Onward we rush o'er the ribbons of steel,
Wind in my face from the mountains I feel
Giving new life, new zest and new zeal:
The wind of the heights above.

Crystalline streams leaping down from the snow
Water the flow'rs in the valley below:
Cheer yeary travellers as onward they go
And upward to heights above.

Swiftly we plunge into darkness of night;
All that is lovely is snatched from my sight;
Gone is the sunshine I love that's so bright
Up there on the heights above.

Then (as in tunnels of sorrow or pain)
Comes there a whisper when I would complain:
"Patience, my child. 'tis thus you must gain
The longed for—the heights above."



THE HEATHEN CRY

"How long, O Lord? how long? how long?"

The cry is still the same:

"How long in darkness must we wait?

How long without Thy name?

"How long, O Lord, we've waited now

For nineteen hundred years,

All crushed with sorrow, bowed with grief,

And blinded with our tears.

"How long, O Lord, the night is dark,

No ray of hope have we;

Blind lead the blind, we stumble, fall,

Because we cannot see.

"How long, O Lord? we perish now;

Thy heralds, where are they?

Then must we die—no God—no hope?

Is there no other way?

"How long, O Lord? how long? how long?"

The cry is still the same;

"How long in darkness must we wait?

How long without Thy name?"

THOU KNOWEST, LORD

Thou knowest, Lord; while others see

The surface calm, unruffled, still,

The depths before Thine eyes lie bare:

The struggles, weariness and care,

The griefs that oft my being fill,

Thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest, Lord, when I have failed,

The burdened heart, the bitter tears,

The work half done Thou gavest me:

I leave the troubled past with Thee

With all its doubts and fears,

Thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest, Lord, the path I tread;

Thou leadest me, nor need I fear,

For though to me be dark the way,

Still through the night there shines a ray

Of hope, new courage, strength and cheer:

Thou knowest, Lord.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE

Thou art weighed in the balance of justice, O Soul,
And wanting art found in the weight,
Take heed, then today, for balance it must
Or else, ah how sad is thy fate!

Put in all thy jewels, thy silver and gold,
Thy houses and lands and all such;
Put in all thy riches whate'er they may be,
Thy treasures though little or much.

And now they're weighed in, thou art found lacking
still,
And short of the proper amount;
So look 'round about thee, perchance thou canst find
Something else for thy faulty account.

Put in all thy talents no matter how used,
Thy knowledge and wisdom too;
'Tis not enough yet, thou art found wanting still,
God's balances always are true.

Then put in thy honor, thy place in the world,
Thy gifts to the poor and thy fame;
Thy morality too, fails to make up the weight.
Thou art wanting, though a Christian in name.

Thou art weighed in the balance and wanting art
found:
Earth's treasures can never avail—
God's salvation alone can make up thy need—
Without Him thou always wilt fail.

NOTHING AM I

Nothing am I, He's a King on His throne;
Wonderful blessing! the Christ is my own!
Nothing am I for my Lord's all in all;
Faintly I cry and He heeds ev'ry call.
Nothing am I, ah no, nothing indeed;
Jesus, my Savior, supplies ev'ry need.
Nothing am I, there is naught I can do;
Often I fail; 'tis His pow'r keeps me true.
Nothing am I, but all pow'r is my King's;
Though I am weak, still He does wondrous
things.

Out of my nothingness still I shall cry:
"Nothing, no nothing, no nothing am I."

THE CRUCIFIXION

The moon's soft, lustrous rays shine down
On vacant streets in sleeping town.
The scene is one that we all know—
Jerusalem, of long ago.
The streets, which lately did abound
With a multitude of sound,
Now, at last, are wholly quiet,
Enfolded in the calm of the night.
Across the Kedron's murmuring waves—
In a garden—some one prays;
While He speaks, it seems to me,
The breezes sigh in sympathy
Sorrow none has ever known
Crushes Him as He prays, alone.
The bitter cup He drinks for me
There, in dark Gethsemane.
In agony of soul He cries,
The tear drops starting from His eyes,
And on His forehead now I see
Great drops of blood from agony.
For soon, He knows, His very own
Will flee away, His claim disown.
But He a willing offering there
Unto His Father cries in prayer,
"Not my will but Thine be done."
And knows the fateful hour has come.
Again we see the Lord of all,
Standing now in Pilate's hall.
No justice to be had to-day,
The God of justice turned away.
Nor is there truth in others found;
For Truth stands there before them bound.
And now the sinless Lamb of God
Goes beneath the chastening rod,
Robed in purple, spit upon,
Mocked by all—'tis God's own Son,
More cruel still, a crown of thorns
His noble forehead now adorns;
A crown of thorn he had to bear
That I a crown of Life might wear.
What means this noise out in the street,
The growing sound of hurrying feet?
What means this e'er increasing throng,
That through the streets now press along?
What is all this stir about?
"Crucify!" I hear them shout.
Lo! In the midst there can be seen
The gentle lowly Nazarene,

Whose loving hands had often fed
The multitude on living bread,
Who healed the sick of every kind,
And raised the dead, gave sight to blind.
Beneath a cross, His form bent low,
Made weak by pain I see Him go.
He staggers, falls, upon the ground,
While cursing people throng around.
Is there no one who will share
The cross, too heavy now to bear?
Ah, there is Simon, of Cyrene
Who bears the cross for the Nazarene.
Upon Golgotha's lonely brow
I see the Lord of Heaven now
Nailed upon the cruel tree—
He's hanging there for you and me,
Working out salvation's plan.
Crucified—"Behold the Man,"
Mocked and scorned and scoffed by all.
He dies to save us from the fall.
A stifling darkness settles down
Like a blanket o'er the ground.
The sun can give no light today,
The God of light has turned away.
Cowering now are all the mob,
Fearing judgment sent by God.
The silence thick at last is broken
By these words by Jesus spoken:
"It is finished!" Let it ring
Unto the lost the message bring—
Finished is salvation's plan,
Redemption now is free for man.
Unto God again He cries,
Bows His head and thus He dies.
A flash of lightning splits the skies
As thus the Prince of Glory dies.
The thunders crash, and at the sound
The whole earth moves and cleaves the
ground.
The wild wind sobbing in the trees
O'er the death of Jesus grieves.
Another flash of light makes plain
The temple vail now rent in twain.
Giving access to that place,
The Holy of Holies, seat of grace.
The Lamb of God, slain once for all
Atones for sin for all who fall.
Accepting now His death for mine,
I'm free from sin by grace divine.

GOD'S POWER

His Spirit moves upon the deep,
And turns aside the proud waves' sweep.
The earth He hangs in empty space,
No eye can see Him face to face.
He frowns—the waters flee away;
He speaks—from darkness comes the day.
The mountains tremble at His tread,
His wrath turns living to the dead.
His love is just as great I know;
I've felt His love and found it so.
Though nations sink in dread despair,
No fear have I—within His care.



CLOSE THE LEDGER

Ends the old year with its trials,
Toils and triumphs, joys and pain;
Gone are all its priceless moments
Never to return again.

Close your ledger, then, and leave it
In the Master's loving hands;
Ask Him to blot out the errors,
All its faults He understands.

Then begin the fresh new record,
Ask His help to keep it clean
And in all the New Year's entries
Let the hand of God be seen.

HAVE YOU FORGOT?

Have you heard the song of the angel throng
O'er the fields of Bethlehem,
Of the Savior's birth bringing peace on earth
And good will to the sons of men?

Has your heart bowed low in the sacred glow
That around the shepherds shone,
And your soul adored as you found your Lord
And received Him as your own?

Heaven's hosts proclaim 'twas for all He came;
Oh brother, have you forgot,
That in sin's dark night, without God or light,
There are millions who know it not?



MEMORIES

One time, when I was but a child,
Another girl and I
Stood 'neath a tree which was so tall
Its top pressed 'gainst the sky.

The mellow sunshine filt'ring through
In lacy patterns played
Upon the rich, green carpet there,
Hand in hand with shade.

While 'round about, the flowers breathed
A silent, reverent prayer;
The world an old cathedral seemed
As we tarried there.

The choking beauty of it all
Unveiled another life,
Where God, Himself, shall dry all tears
And there shall be no strife.

His presence was so real as we
In awe-hushed whispers spoke,
We caught a vision naught can dim
Beneath that stately oak.

PERSONAL WORK

I said unto the Lord one day,
"What meaneth personal work? I pray.
Immediately before my mind
Came needy ones of every kind:
Millions in the darkness lost,
Millions searching for the cross,
Those who never heard the name
Of Jesus, now and e'er the same,
Who came and died upon the tree
That all mankind might ransomed be.
Millions dying all around
For want of light they've never found,
Millions whom a kindly word
Might have saved—'twas never heard!
Millions whom the gospel light
Would have saved from sin's dark night,
Millions there in heathen lands,
Bound for years by Satan's bands,
"How can these souls be set free?"
"Personal work," He said to me.

'Mid the cities noise and din
There are people lost in sin,
People weighed by toil and care,
Crushed by sorrow everywhere,
Bending, bending 'neath the load
Walking down life's weary road.
Gray-haired mothers every day,
Sit and weep their hearts away
O'er their boys deep in crime,
Forgetful of the olden time
At mother's knee, how kneeling there
Each lifted childish voice in prayer.
Hearts are bleeding, broken wide,
Crushed by life's relentless tide.
"Lord, how can they be cheered?" I ask
"Personal work. That is thy task."

Again I lift my eyes, and, lo!
A multitude before me go,
Each bearing sorrow's lasting trace,
Discontentment on each face.
They pass before me one by one,
Seeking pleasure—finding none.
In their arrogance and pride
But in their hearts they blindly cry
They lightly turn the Lord aside

For something that will satisfy
The souls who scorn Him in their sin,
Still have an aching void within.
A face may often be a mask,
To hide the thing, one fain would ask.
"Lord, how can these be brought to Thee?"
"Personal work," He said to me.

"O Lord, now help me," then I said,
"To give the hungry living bread.
Give power in this world of strife
To point out Thee—the way of life.
Let me, dear Lord, their burdens share
And show to them that life of prayer
Where balm for every grief they'll find,
With rest for soul and peace of mind.
Oh help me show poor fallen man
Thy great salvation's glorious plan.
To these sad hearts bowed down with grief
Lord, let me bring Thy sweet relief.
If this is what it means to me
A personal worker let me be."

FLOR DE CANTO

(Song-Flower)

Flor de Canto, little song-flower,
High upon a barren mountain
O'er a town that's known to many
As the poorest of the country,
Where the people live in squalor
Struggling hard to force a living
From the unproductive soil,
There it was I chanced to find you
Pouring out in notes of color
Glad-souled songs of trust and courage:
There my soul first heard your music,
Listened to your song of gladness.
Then I plucked you from your fellows,
Far across the sea to send you,
There to sing your song to others.
Scatter wide your song in sad hearts,
May the harvest be abundant:
Every life a Flower of Song.

"HIDE ME LORD"

Oh hide me, Lord, behind Thy cross,
For nothing good have I.
The gold is sadly mixed with dross;
My faults before Thee lie.

Oh take me, Lord, my life, my all,
And hide me now in Thee.
Unknown, unsung, I'll heed Thy call
That I Thy face may see.

Remove, dear Lord, all doubts and fears,
Though with the chast'ning rod,
And let me be throughout the years
Still hid with Christ in God.



A DAY

I stood at the door of a new-made day
Untouched by Satanic bands,
For pure and unspotted it came to me
Just fresh from the Builder's hands.

I ask as I silently close the door
And lock up forever the day
"Oh, has it been shared with the Nazarene,
Or has He been turned away?"

I stood at the door of a new-made day
Unspotted by stains of sin;
I wonder, now, if it's just as pure
As it was when I entered in.

DEATH'S SHADOWS

"They are all quite dead," the North Wind said
As he gazed on the woodland bare
And tried to untwine a lifeless vine
From the corpse of an oak tree there.

With pitying touch he loosed the clutch
Of the fingers numb and chill,
Then carried the leaves on a mournful breeze
And laid them to rest on the hill.

He cut a shroud from a low-hung cloud
And tenderly wrapped them 'round
Through all the night in spotless white
And covered the still, cold ground.

Through the days so drear of the dying year,
Or by moonlight and frozen dawn
The spectres stood still on the wind-swept hill
While the weeks and months rolled on.

"Oh, they all seem dead," the South wind said
With a sob as she reached the hill;
Yet her hope remained, though she sought in vain
For the dead Earth's pulse long still.

She caressed the trees with a balmy breeze
As she brushed all the clouds away,
While she sang a song of a life that's long
And a resurrection day.

Till the whole earth stirred at Faith's conquering
word
From the sunbeams and birds on wing:
"Leave your cold, dark bed, and arise, ye dead,
Death is vanquished at last: 'tis spring."

STILL YOU STAY

Nameless little rays of cheer
Scattered by the toilsome way
In this season of the year
There are few blooms but still you stay
God grant that I may still toil on
Though other lives around may fade
Till my allotted days are gone
And at Thy feet my cross is laid.

A NETTLE FLOWER

Flaunting its colors as bright as the day
Luring the travelers' footsteps astray,
Shedding its fragrance and fair to sight,
Posed to the world as an angel of light,
We sought it and plucked it but not to our
gain;
We thought 'twould bring pleasure, it
brought only pain.
And like this fair flower the pleasures of
earth
Though bright-hued and lovely have no
lasting worth
When you have reached them, your beautiful
goal,
You'll find they bring poison and death to
your soul.

CHINESE LANTERNS

(To a Wild Flower)

Swaying gently in the breezes
High above the winding pathway
Chinese lanterns, who has brought you
Here to light this foreign country?

Far away from any dwelling
God has placed you as a witness
Of His love to ev'ry trav'ler
Who may climb the rock strewn pathway.

Scatter still your rays of gladness
On the lonely pilgrim's journey,
Cheer the trav'ler on his way.
Tiny lanterns, with your radiance

LIFT UP THINE EYES

Lift up thine eyes! the fields are now white;
And soon will descend eternity's night.
The Lord of the Harvest is calling for thee;
Canst thou to His pleading, unheeding still be?

Lift up thine eyes! See heads bending low,
The grain being lost because no one will go.
The time is now short, the harvest so great;
Then go forth, thou reaper, oh why dost thou wait?

Lift up thine eyes from thine own joy or grief:
Behold the lost millions that cry for relief.
In fields scarcely touched filled with perishing souls
The harvest is passing as time onward rolls.

Lift up thine eyes to the sacrifice made
To pardon thy sins; see the price He has paid.
To Him who so loves thee surrender thine all;
And do what He bids thee, oh answer His call.

Lift up thine eyes! He calls thee today;
Then do thou thy part: Either go, give, or pray.
To thee are they nothing: those heart rending cries
Of souls that now perish? Oh lift up thine eyes!



HARK!

Hark! O soul, the Master calls for thee
To leave thy sin and seek His blessed face.
Turn from thy way and He will set thee free;
Believe His word; accept His proffered grace.
There's death upon the road that thou dost
tread

With untold woe and everlasting night,
While for thy sins our Christ, the Savior,
bled,
To give abundant love and life and light.

Hark! O soul; e'en now He calls thy name.
Wilt thou not heed His tender, pleading voice
And leave the path of death and sin and
shame

To make eternal happiness thy choice?
True—if thou wilt thou canst reject His love
Or spurn His grace and lightly turn aside
To meet thy fate, although from heav'n
above
He came and for thy sins was crucified.

Hark! O soul, He calls thee still: "Come
home."

Why wilt thou in thy sin and darkness die?
Why wilt thou still the death doomed path-
way roam

When there is safety free for thee nearby?
Turn now and enter Mercy's widespread gate,
Beneth the shelter of His wings abide.
Turn now before forever 'tis too late
And—shut, the door—thou standest still
outside.

I MUST WIN SOULS FOR HIM

From over mountain, hill and plain
There comes the call and still again:
"Spend not thy toil for earthly gain,
But go, win souls for Him.

"Call some one else, for how can I?"
Unto the Lord I fain would cry;
But lo! they perish—see! they die!
I must win souls for Him.

The field is great, the lab'ers few,
A work there is for me to do;
To Christ, my King, I must stand true
And win lost souls for Him.

His blood was shed on Calv'ry's tree
That all mankind might ransomed be,
To save lost souls and set them free.
I must win souls for him.

O boundless love that made Him go!
O wondrous grace that bought me so!
I can not pay the debt I owe,
But I'll win souls for Him.

I need not wait till o'er the sea
To help to set the captive free;
For here—or there—where'er I be,
I must win souls for Him.

I have not strength to face the foe
And snatch the lost from sin and woe,
But with His helping hand, I know,
I shall win souls for Him.

MY SHEEP

"Lov'st thou me?" the Master said,
"Feed my sheep the living bread;
Those I have out of the fold,
In the desert bleak and cold.
Who will climb the mountain steep
For my starving, dying sheep?
That from sin they might be free.

Sunken low in sin and shame,
Knowing not the Saviour's name,
Groping—groping in the night—
Blindly searching for the light—
They torture self to no avail—
All their search can only fail.

"Hast thou found salvation free
In the Christ who died for thee,
Working out salvation's plan
To redeem poor fallen man?
It is theirs as well as thine,
Bear it to these sheep of mine."

Brother, hast thou heard the call?
Wilt thou not give up thine all?
Tell the message far and wide
Of the Christ, the Crucified,
Who died for them as well as thee,



PREPARE

Prepare, O Soul, the night is drawing near.
The daylight fades, the way is growing dim.
Prepare that thou might'st meet without a fear
The Holy One and give account to Him.

Prepare, O Soul, the hours are fleeting by
The dark'ning clouds in silence gather o'er.
Unheeding, wilt thou blindly close thine eye
To all the dangers that may lie before?

Prepare, O Soul, life's day is almost gone.
Thy summons even now may ready be;
And still all unprepared thou goest on
To meet the Judge of all who calleth thee.

Prepare, O Soul, tomorrow is too late,
Thy life ends not when placed beneath the sod.
Shall bliss or lasting woe become thy fate?
Prepare, O Soul, prepare to meet thy God.

AT EVENING

The sinking sun with crimson glow
The sky with glory fills
And now the purpled shadows creep
Across the lonely hills.

And as the darkness covers all
I would no longer roam,
But wearied by the long, long day,
I seek the lights of home.

O Lord, I'm tired of this world's sands,
My feet have weary grown
I'd lay aside the toils and cares
And be with Thee alone.

A weary child I come to Thee
I lean upon Thy breast
And in Thine arms my spirit finds
Thy peace—sweet peace—and rest.

STREETS OF CHIMBOTE

Scorched by the sun of the tropics
Wide, dusty streets without trees,
Lulled by the drone of tired breakers,
Fanned by the breath of the seas.

Broken and worn by the traffic
Stretch forth their weary, old hands
Toward the foothills of the Andes,
Halt at the hot, desert sands.

Streets of Chimbote now echo
Laughter of children at play
Pulse to the tread of the toilers
Back from the work of the day.

But on their liquor soaked corners
Haunted by wrecks of mankind,
And in the hovels they come from
Sad are the scenes that you find.

Streets in the stillness of midnight
Echoing heartbroken grief,
Throb with the pangs of deep longing,
Silently cry for relief.

Unworded echoes of heartaches
Fraught with unuttered desires
Sweep through the depths of my being
Fanning the smoldering fires.

Bid me go forth bearing comfort,
Take them the peace that Christ gives,
Till all the streets of Chimbote
Ring with the message: "God lives!"



SOUTHWESTERN

While pressing on in life's great race
By God's great love and wondrous grace
We found a glorious, sacred place
Called Southwestern.

After hours in travel spent,
A Mother dear, and President,
And other teachers, all God-sent,
Tell of Southwestern.

Hours spent upon our knees,
Sending up our heart-felt pleas
Unto a God who hears and sees,
Hallow Southwestern.

Days with all in sacred prayer,
Days of blessings rich and rare,
Coming close to Jesus there,
Endear Southwestern.

Months of fellowship so sweet,
With fellow students whom we meet,
All sitting at the Savior's feet
Enhance Southwestern.

Tests have come and trials too,
When we knew not what to do,
But the Savior took us through
And saved Southwestern.

There comes a sadness to the heart
And the tear-drops often start
Because at last we have to part
With our Southwestern.

But there falls a brighter ray
Among the thoughts that come today
Because next year we hope to say,
"We're back, Southwestern."

WHITHER GOEST THOU?

Whither goest thou? O soul rocked by the tide.
What station is thy destined end or why?
Does heaven's beacon light shine on thy course to
guide?
Art steering for the shores of endless day?

Whither goest thou? Hast thou a port in view?
A pilot's hand to guide thee o'er the wave?
Hast thou on board a compass that is tried and true?
Thy barque—is it prepared the storm to brave?

Whither goest thou? Heed not the siren's song
That comes in dreamy strains from ev'ry throat,
For though it tells of ease in following the throng
There's certain death lies hid behind each note.

Whither goest thou? O soul that passeth by,
That sailest o'er life's wide, uncharted sea;
The dang'rous rocks and treach'rous shoals are nigh,
Take care who holds the helm—who pilots thee.

Whither goest thou? Hast thou thy course to guide
The One whose word doth calm the troubled sea?
He'll make the harbor safe, whatever may betide;
Accept His love, take Him; He'll pilot thee.



THE SCHOOL ON THE HILL

There's a school that we love called Southwestern
'Tis the dearest on earth here below,
Where from east and from west there are gathered
Those who seek all God's fullness to know.

Cho.

Oh, come, come, come, come, come while South-
western is calling,
To all who would follow God's will,
'Tis here that His blessings are falling
In the little brick school on the hill.

Though to others it may not seem lovely,
And the building is humble and old.
Still 'tis fairer to us than a palace
And more precious than silver or gold.

Would you learn precious truths from the Bible?
With God's blessings your soul would you fill?
Then come at the call of Southwestern
To the little brick school on the hill.

ONWARD SOUTHWESTERN

(Tune: Cross of Christ Lead Onward)

Onward, on, Southwestern, following the Lord,
Holding high His banner, standing for His Word;
Christ will never leave you He will guide you right,
Onward, then, still onward, fight with all your might.

CHO.

Onward, then, Southwestern, Following the Lord
Holding high His banner, Standing for His Word.

Onward then Southwestern, There is work to do
Souls are dying daily Who have need of you.
Take up then the burden, Let thy self-life go;
Other souls need bringing To that cleansing flow.

Onward, on, Southwestern, Onward through the night
See the Day-Star rising, Bringing glorious light.
Toll will soon be over—Crosses be laid down
Then if we are faithful We'll wear a victor's crown.

MOTHER BAMFORD

You're in trouble—did you say?
Hunting a place to go to pray?
Someone to help you in the way?
Then go to Mother Bamford.

You need some one to cheer you, too,
When skies are gray instead of blue,
A hearty "God bless you!" to encourage you
Then go to Mother Bamford.

She's proved her love for us o'er and o'er
With kindness growing evermore
And tenderness from heaven's store,
Our blessed Mother Bamford.

And as she helps us day by day,
Inadequate seems all we say
For the highest tribute we can pay
Is to call her Mother Bamford.

(Dedicated to Mrs. Annie Bamford, Dean of
Women of Southwestern Bible School).

GOD BLESS YOU, SENIORS

(Dedicated to the graduating class of 1934 of
Southwestern Bible School).

God bless you, seniors, every one,
And make you strong and true
And help you toil till set of sun
In work He'd have you do.
God give you courage in the test
To quit yourselves like men,
Lean hard on Him and do your best
In every battle—then
God give you patience, keep you sweet
And help you trust His love
And humble, yielded at His feet
E'er help you look above
God give you strong compassion's fire
For dying souls around
And help you lift them from the mire
Where sin and shame abound.
God give you faith and hope and love
And all that He counts best
Wide entrance to the home above
And in His presence—rest.

THE TRANSFIGURATION

'Twas long ago in far-off Galilee
Four figures slowly moved along the path
Which sought a lonely spot on Hermon's brow
Wherein to pray in solitude to God.
The setting sun's last slanting rays shone down
On head bowed low in silent reverent prayer,
On bodies wearied by the strenuous day
All spent in service to the multitudes
Which ev'ry day thronged 'round the foremost one
Who seemed to be the leader of the four.
The waning light revealed Him young and strong
With step, though tired, still resolute and firm;
And on His noble brow there played a light,
A heavenly glow, illumining the face
Which, though 'twas young, still bore the trace of
grief

And in His eye there shone a burning love
That far surpassed the ken of human mind.
Behind there slowly came the other three;
One was an older man with graying beard
And open face much roughened by the storms
For he had been an able fisherman
Before he turned to heed the Master's call;
And such these other two one time had been
Together with their father, Zebædee,
Who from their early youth had taught to them
This means of livelihood, the use of nets.
At last a lonely, desert spot was reached
Far off from any dwelling place of man
And there they knelt to spend the night in prayer.
Sore tired by all the trials of the day
His foll'wers in exhaustion fell asleep
But still the Lord poured out His soul in prayer.
For grace in coming time of need He asked
And there He prayed for those who had turned back
Into the world and walked with Him no more.
Alone it was the Man of Sorrows knelt
For though the multitudes thronged 'round about
His path was e'er alone, except for God.
The long, still hours of the night stole on
Unbroken, save by Jesus' voice in prayer;
And then a light began to fill the place
A wondrous light—not from the moon nor stars
But from the face of Him still kneeling there
His garments, too, illumined by the glow,
Shone forth as bright as ever midday sun
And lo, there came from out the riven sky
Two men of old who stood and talked with Him.
The one was Moses, giver of the law;
Elijah, too, that man of God was there
With Christ, the One for whom they long had looked
The Prophet, Law and Grace, they stood, all three:
The Law had tried but could not save lost man;
The prophets too, though lab'ring long had failed
Would Jesus leave and fail salvation's plan?
The hope of all the ages lay in Him.
No need of fear for Jesus never fails,

"His name shall be Immanuel," 'twas said,
"For He shall save His people from their sins."
Then, lo, a great, bright cloud enveloped them
And from the cloud a mighty voice spake
Proclaiming Jesus God's beloved Son.
All filled with awe, upon the ground then fell
Christ's wakened foll'wers: Peter, James and John,
Then presently a gentle touch was felt
By those who lay there prostrate on the ground,
And reassured they listened to the words
Which fell so sweetly from the Savior's lips:
"Arise, be not afraid," the Master said,
Then looking up they saw no man, save Him,
The One they knew to be the Christ indeed
The very Son of the Almighty God
Whose presence in the cloud they saw and heard.
Why should such glory be to them revealed?
'Twas to increase their faith, give pow'r to serve.
God grant that we may use our blessings so.

MOTHER

Keeping cheerful all the day,
Wiping others tears away
Taking time with God to pray,
Dear little Mother.

Forgetting self in others' woes
With tenderness that ever grows
And a love that God bestows,
Blessed Mother.

Always busy, morn till night
With a smile so sunny, bright,
A living witness for the right,
That's my Mother.

You hardly ever hear her shout,
You scarcely know that she's about,
But the Spirit dwells, without a doubt
Within my Mother.

Lord, help me to unselfish be,
Let me work as willingly
And ever live as close to Thee
As my Mother.

DADDY

Of all the blessings God has given
In His love to me,
One of the best among the rest
Is a Christian family.

I think, my Daddy, if I should search
This whole wide world through,
I'd never find a better kind
Than some one just like you.

It isn't so much the sermons preached,
Though they are blessings too,
'Tis the life you live and example you
give
That make folks know you're true.

A life that's spent in earnest prayer
And labor for the lost,
Through tests and trials and self denials
For God whate'er the cost.

You've done so much, O Daddy dear,
To lead me in the way
I'll never know how much I owe
Nor can I e'er repay.

But I will give you back my love,
'Tis all that I can do:
From the God you serve I'll never
swerve
And to the faith be true.



BROTHER

I surely think a heap o' you,
Brother o' mine.
Without you I don't know what I'd do,
Brother o' mine.
Even back in childhood days
You increased my joy in a thousand ways,
You didn't think yourself too good
To play with your sister (some boys
would).
Together then in work and play
We spent our happy childhood's day.
Several years have passed us o'er
And we're closer than we were before:
It's wonderful to have you near,
You always have a word of cheer,
And in you I can all confide,
I'd like to keep you by my side.
But there's a greater need I know
For the heathen call and God says "Go."
But God will bless you there, I'm sure
And save lost souls if you'll endure
And be to those across the sea
Just such a brother as you've been to me.

MY SISTER

A smile that brings the sunshine
She has for everyone;
A song in face of sorrow
Until the day is done.
A word of cheer and comfort,
A helping hand for all,
Sweet peace in time of trouble
When dark'ning shadows fall;
A tear for those in darkness,
A prayer for all the lost,
A "yes" to God, the Father,
To go whate'er the cost;
A child-like faith in Jesus,
A trust in every test,
Still foll'wing where He leadeth
Because His ways are best.
'Tis but a faulty picture
And just how much I owe
For having such a sister
I'm sure I'll never know.

TO MOTHER

I'd like to take the silver moon
That shimmers in the sky
And bathes the snowclad peaks with light
While lonely breezes sigh.
From all the sea of fleecy clouds
I saw at set of sun
That filled the gorge beneath my feet
I'd choose the fairest one,
And in the faintly tinted film
I'd wrap the lovely moon
To keep her beauty unimpaired
In all the heat of noon.
I'd use the gorgeous bow that spans
The Andes' mighty height
To tie my lovely treasure with
And fix it up quite right.
I'd gather in the downy ends
And pin them with a star
Then send my gift on wings of light
To you, however far.
But though I cannot give you this,
There's something else, my dear,
That I can send that's worth far more
Than aught one sees down here.
'Tis something softer than the clouds
And higher than the moon,
And brighter than the radiant sun
In all his power at noon:
'Tis deeper than the deepest gorge,
Than ocean wider far,
More tender than the soft, sweet rays
That shine from evening star.
More soothing than the softest strains
Of music on the air;
The setting sun 'neath jagged peaks
Not even half so fair:
More fragrant than the sweet wild rose,
Refreshing as the dew;
This priceless treasure men call "Love"—
'Tis this I send to you.

BROTHER O' MINE

(Acrostic)

Best of chums you've been to me
Really staunch and true;
Other friends could never be
The pal I've found in you.
Happy in God's perfect will
Ever may you be
Resting sure that in all ill
Omniscience good can see.
May God direct your pilgrim way
In blessing—rain or shine;
Ne'er let your footsteps wand'ring stray.
E'er keep you, Brother mine.

MY SENSE OF HUMOR

I often wonder—wonder why
It seems it has to be:
Although I try and try and try—
I laugh in spite of me.

And when I really should be grave
And look and act sedate
So often—though my life to save—
My face I can't keep straight.

I've blushed until it seemed to me
The very house would burn,
Because to act quite soberly
It seems I'll never learn.

But all your gold, all joking gone,
'Mid sorrows, troubles, strife,
Could never buy my outlook on
The funny side of life.

A POETESS AT SEA

(Sympathetically dedicated to all missionaries
who have had like experience.)

In steamer chair I sit on deck
And watch the ocean waves
That rock our ship from side to side,
I feel the winds she braves:

The wild, strong winds that bear the spray
That comes to kiss my cheek.
('Tis strange that as I sit and write
I feel so very weak.)

I view the ocean's broad expanse
Of waves with whited crest
That toss in fury, writhe in anguish,
Waves that never rest.

I view the seagulls' easy flight
Through all the trackless air,
Or gaze into the depths below
And wonder what is there.



I think about the things they
hide:
The fish, the whales, the eels.
(My stomach seems so crazy
now;
My head! How queer it feels!)

I go and stand beside the rail,
The steamer reels and rocks,
I find I cannot stand alone:
It feels like earthquake
shocks.

I care not now for fleecy clouds,
For poems, books or letter,
I bow my head, and feed the
fish—
And now—I'm feeling better.

LAS PULGAS

(The Fleas, with apologies to Riley's Little Orphan Annie this poem is included to acquaint you with some of the little troubles of missionary life.)

An awful lot of fleas have come
To our house to stay
They hop an' skip an' jump at night
An' chase the sleep away.
Some people think t' kill a flea
'Ud be an awful sin:
I'd like t' kill 'em all, I'm sure,
'Tth all their blood an' kin.
One time when there wuz company
An' lots o' folks wuz there,
They chewed me up; an' I set still
Ez ef I didn't care.
An' then when all th' folks wuz gone
Those fleas just run t' hide;
But soon I found two big black 'uns
A settin' side by side.
They jumped clear out o' sight afore
I knowed what they's about:
And the fleas'll get you—
Ef ya' don't watch out.

They bite me when I study
An' when I say my prayers,
An' when I went t' bed last night
Away up-stairs
A flea hopped up and bit so hard
He almost made me squall;
But when I turned th' kivers down
He wuzn't there atall.
I seeked him in between the sheets,
On petticoat an' dress;
I seeked him on my 'jama leg,
An' everywhere, I guess,
But all 'at I could find wuz just
His bites around about.
An' the fleas'll get you—
Ef ya don't watch out.

POETRY LAND

On the shores I stand of poetry land
Where every boat is a barque
And folks can't be just mad, don't you see,
Without being raving or stark.

Where the bells all chime and words dance to rhyme
And a song becometh a lay,
With a thee and a thou and often "I trow,"
And forever is always for aye.

Where the moonlight streams and the world is all
dreams
In the whispering shades of night,
Or full of desires and fierce as the fires
Of the sun at his noontide height.

First gay and then sad, then swirling and mad
The current of thought far and near
Sweeps over the sand of Poetry Land
Just over the borders from Here.



Three missionaries to the Land of the
Christless Cross: Louise and Ernestine
Jeter and Agnes Sloan.

A PLACE

There is a secret place of rest,
For aching hearts a balm,
Where, leaning on the Savior's breast,
The soul finds peace and calm.

There is a place of sacred flame,
Consuming all the dross,
Where souls find strength in Jesus' Name
And learn to love the cross.

There is a place of refuge sweet,
O'ershadowed by His wing;
Where, though the storms around thee beat,
Thy trusting soul can sing.

There is a place (dost thou not see?)
That thou alone canst fill:
It is the place appointed thee,
The center of God's will.

THY WILL

Teach me, Lord, to know Thy will
That I Thy bidding may fulfill,
Oh speak to me, I wait for Thee,
Show me, Lord, Thy will.

Teach me, Lord, to do Thy will;
Bid this trembling heart be still
And trust in Thee, Thou leadest me,
Help me do Thy will.

I praise Thee, Lord, because Thy will
Is best, has won my heart until
I want not mine, but only Thine;
I love Thy holy will.

WHERE BYWAYS CROSS

(Dedicated to Camp Wycliffe, a missionary linguistic school at Siloam Springs, Ark.)

They speak of the ships that pass in the night

With a warm and friendly glow,

But the distance dims each fading light

As they silently onward go.

They speak of the house by the side of the road,

And the crowds that are thronging the way;

Of walking among them and sharing the load,

And being a friend each day.

But out and beyond the great highways of life,

Are byways with infinite need,

Which challenge to go, though the dangers be rife,

And the heralds of truth must give heed.

Although the rough trail may be weary and sad,

With stones often bruising the feet,

The heart becomes lighter, the soul is made glad

When Christ's lonely messengers meet.

Where trail crosses trail, as the torchbearers pause,

God's life-giving, light-giving Word

Shines brighter, and each pledges faith to the

Cause:

"The message to those who've not heard."

The time of refreshing, the word of good cheer,

Encouraging each to take heart,

Will glow in the soul as a memory dear

Long after the pathways must part.

So take, if you will, all your ships in the night,

The thrill for the moment, soon gone;

But give us the fellowship lasting and bright,

The friendship in Christ that lives on.



[illegible]

PN 6110 .J48 / Land of the christless cross

All proceeds from the sale
of this book go to missionary
work in Latin America.

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W8-CFL-963

